

CRIME

**THE LAW
ALWAYS WINS!**

SMASHERS

NOV. No. 7
10¢

OH, DON'T
L-LET HIM GET
HOLD OF THAT
GUN, OFFICER.
HE'S A
KILLER!

HE WON'T GET
IT! THIS MUGG IS
DUE FOR A ONE-WAY
RIDE TO THE
HOT SEAT.



featuring:

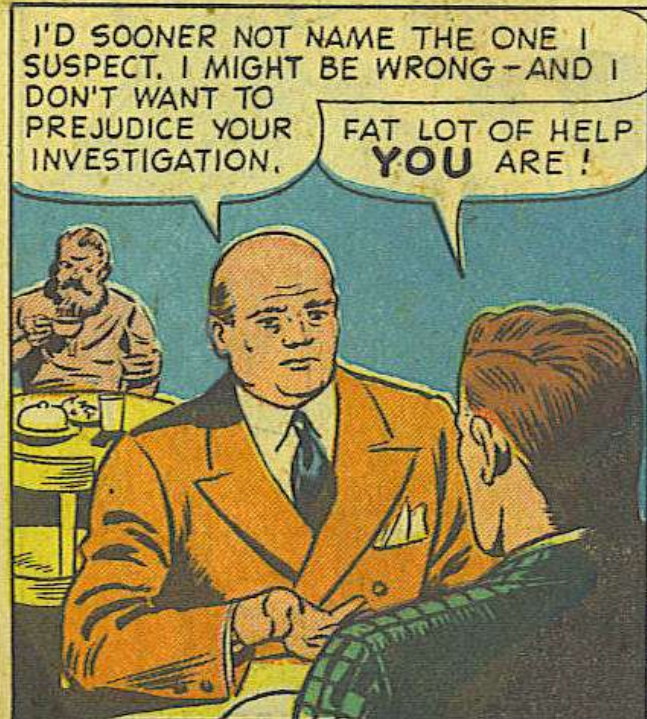
**SALLY THE SLEUTH
DAN TURNER
GIRL FRIDAY
RAY HALE**

CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!

DAN TURNER — HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

"OFF-STAGE KILL"

by BELLEM & BARREAUX



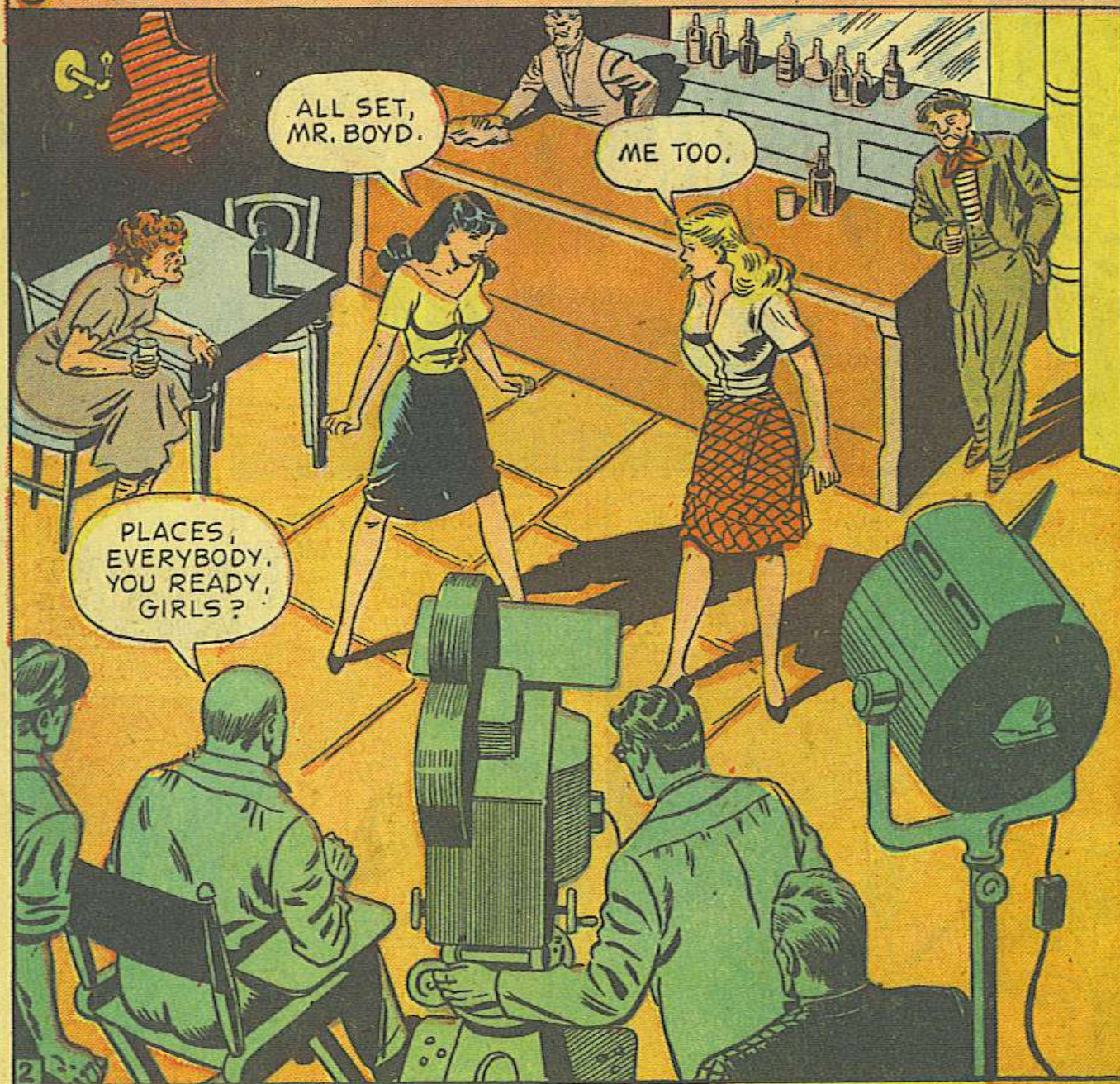
ENTERING A HUGE SOUND STAGE BUILDING, BOYD AND TURNER SEE BRENDA LEE AND FIFI VALCOUR COMING OUT OF THEIR ADJOINING DRESSING ROOMS...

TO LOOK AT BRENDA AND FIFI, YOU'D NEVER GUESS THEY'RE ABOUT TO PUT ON A KNOCK-DOWN BRAWL.

I GET IT. CHUMS IN REAL LIFE BUT ENEMIES IN REEL LIFE, EH? THAT'S HOLLYWOOD!



ON A SET DRESSED TO REPRESENT AN APACHE CELLAR DIVE IN PARIS...



BOYD YELLS TO JOE DEVLIN, THE GAFFER (BOSS ELECTRICIAN).

OKAY FOR LIGHTS!

HIT YOUR LIGHTS, DEVLIN!

SOUND MIXER STEVE SWEENEY GIVES A SIGNAL...

OKAY FOR SOUND!

BUZZ
BUZZ

CAMERAMAN BILL WILLIAMS SYNCHRONIZES WITH THE SOUND TRACK...

SPEED!

FIFI AND BRENDA START THEIR FIGHT...

YOU STOLE
MY MAN. I
WEEL KEEL
YOU!

ROLL 'EM! ACTION!

SACRÉ BLEU!
I SCRATCH
YOUR EYES
OUT!



AS THE FIGHT CONTINUES BEYOND ITS REHEARSED TIME AND FOOTAGE, VARIOUS TECHNICIANS BEGIN TO CALL FOR A HALT...



4

CAMERAMAN WILLIAMS ...

THE SCENE'S RUNNING TOO LONG. I'M ALMOST OUT OF FILM!



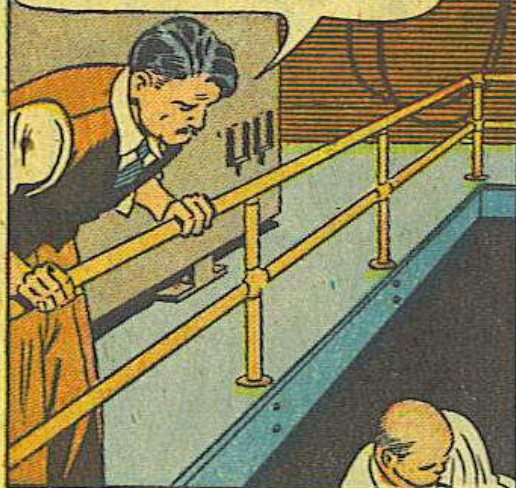
SOUND MIXER SWEENEY...

AND I'M RUNNING SHORT OF SOUND TAPE!



JOE DEVLIN, THE GAFFER...

BETTER CALL "CUT", MR. BOYD.
MY ARC LIGHTS ARE --
YEE-IPE! **LOOK!**



**DEVLIN'S SHOUT STOPS THE SCENE - AND
TURNER RUSHES TO "BALDY" BOYD'S CHAIR...**

**JEEPERS! BALDY'S BEEN SKEWERED THROUGH
THE TICKER! HE'S DEFUNCT!!**



THAT'S THE PROP
KNIFE I USED
IN THE SCENE

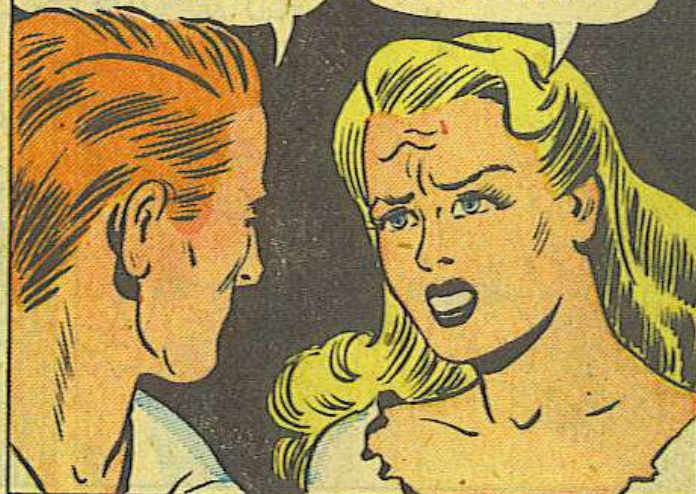
WHEN I KICKED
IT OUT OF YOUR
HAND, IT FLEW
OVER HERE AND
STABBED HIM!



SOUND MIXER SWEENEY PIPES UP...

MAYBE YOU
THREW IT AT HIM
DELIBERATELY.

W-WHY, YOU -
YOU -- HOW
DARE YOU?!



FIFI AND WILLIAMS JOIN THE ARGUMENT...

WHY SHOULD
BRENDA WANT
TO KILL
MR. BOYD?

MAYBE BECAUSE HE
KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT
THE PERSON WHO'S BEEN
SENDING THREATENING
LETTERS TO YOU!



**EVEN DEVLIN, THE GAFFER, COMES
DOWN TO GET INTO THE CHATTER...**

ARE YOU
INSINUATING
I WROTE
THOSE
LETTERS?

RIDICULOUS! BRENDA AND
I WERE VICTIMS OF THE
RACKET OURSELVES!

**NUTS! MAYBE
THAT WAS JUST
A COVER-UP!**





EVERYBODY WAS WATCHING THE FIGHT SCENE. WHEN FIFI KICKED THE SHIV OUT OF BRENDA'S MITT, IT SAILED HARMLESSLY TO THE SIDELINES. THEN YOU THREW A DUPLICATE KNIFE DOWN FROM YOUR CATWALK; BEEFED BALDY THROUGH THE BRISKET.

PROVE IT!



OKAY, I WILL. DURING THE EXCITEMENT, YOU CAME DOWN ON-STAGE AND GLOMMED THE ORIGINAL KNIFE OFF THE FLOOR WHERE IT HAD FALLEN. IF YOU'VE GOT IT ON YOU NOW, YOUR GOOSE IS COOKED.

DON'T TOUCH ME. I'M WARNING YOU!



DEVLIN WHIPS OUT THE INCRIMINATING DAGGER...

SO I'M GUILTY! BUT YOU WON'T LIVE TO PINCH ME!

BEFORE TURNER CAN FIRE, THE KNIFE CUTS HIS HAND AND HE DROPS HIS GAT...

THE MURDEROUS GAFFER CLIMBS HIGH UP ON THE CATWALK...

NOBODY'S GONNA PUT ME IN THE GAS CHAMBER!



.... HE TRIPS OVER A CABLE AND FALLS, SCREAMING, TO HIS DEATH...

LATER...

BUT EVEN WITH ONE WING OUT OF COMMISSION, I STILL CAN KEEP THE DATE I MADE WITH FIFI AND BRENDA TO GO STEPPING TONIGHT.



THAT'S HIS FINISH!

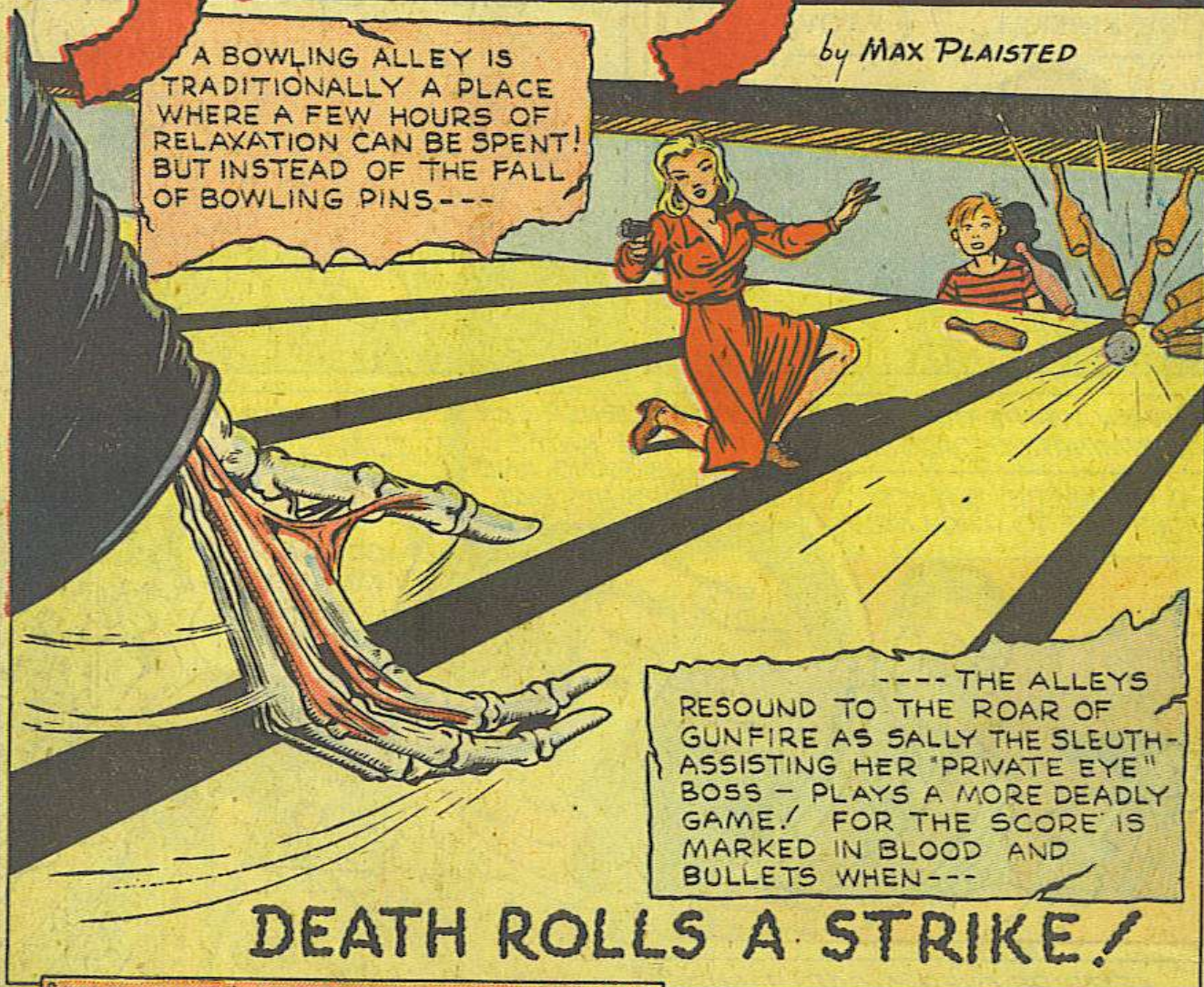


READ DAN TURNER NEXT ISSUE...

SALLY the SLEUTH

by MAX PLAISTED

A BOWLING ALLEY IS TRADITIONALLY A PLACE WHERE A FEW HOURS OF RELAXATION CAN BE SPENT! BUT INSTEAD OF THE FALL OF BOWLING PINS---



---- THE ALLEYS RESOUND TO THE ROAR OF GUNFIRE AS SALLY THE SLEUTH-- ASSISTING HER "PRIVATE EYE" BOSS -- PLAYS A MORE DEADLY GAME! FOR THE SCORE IS MARKED IN BLOOD AND BULLETS WHEN---

DEATH ROLLS A STRIKE!

"THE CHIEF", ACE PRIVATE DETECTIVE, AND HIS ASSISTANT SALLY, ARE CALLED TO THE HOME OF WEALTHY SOCIETY DOWAGER, AGATHA WENTWORTH---

I WON'T WASTE WORDS! MY DAUGHTER MARCIA IS IN SOME KIND OF TROUBLE! I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

YOU SAY MARCIA LIKES TO GAMBLE?

YES, SHE'S A WILD ONE -- AND SHE SEEMS TO SURROUND HERSELF WITH THE MOST OFFENSIVE CHARACTERS! YOU ARE A DETECTIVE -- TAKE IT FROM THERE!

I'LL BEGIN TRAILING HER TONIGHT, MRS. WENTWORTH

AS MARCIA LEAVES HER HOUSE THE CHIEF TAKES UP THE TRAIL ---



I FIGURED SHE CAME TO THIS CRUMMY NEIGHBORHOOD TO MEET SOMEBODY! THERE HE IS!

HIYA, KID! DIDJA BRING THE DOUGH?

OH, NO, TONY, I COULDN'T GET IT! PLEASE --- YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME MORE TIME!



I TOLDJA TO HAVE IT TONIGHT!

I'M GOING TO ASK NICK HIMSELF! I OWE IT TO HIM, NOT TO YOU! I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE COLLECTING FOR HIM AT ALL! NICK'S A SQUARE SHOOTER!



YOU MEAN I'M DOUBLE-CROSSING NICK? I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHIN', YOU ---!



AS THE ANGRY TONY STARTS FOR THE GIRL, THE CHIEF STEPS BETWEEN THEM

TRY THAT ON ME, TONY!



WHA -- WHO ARE YOU?

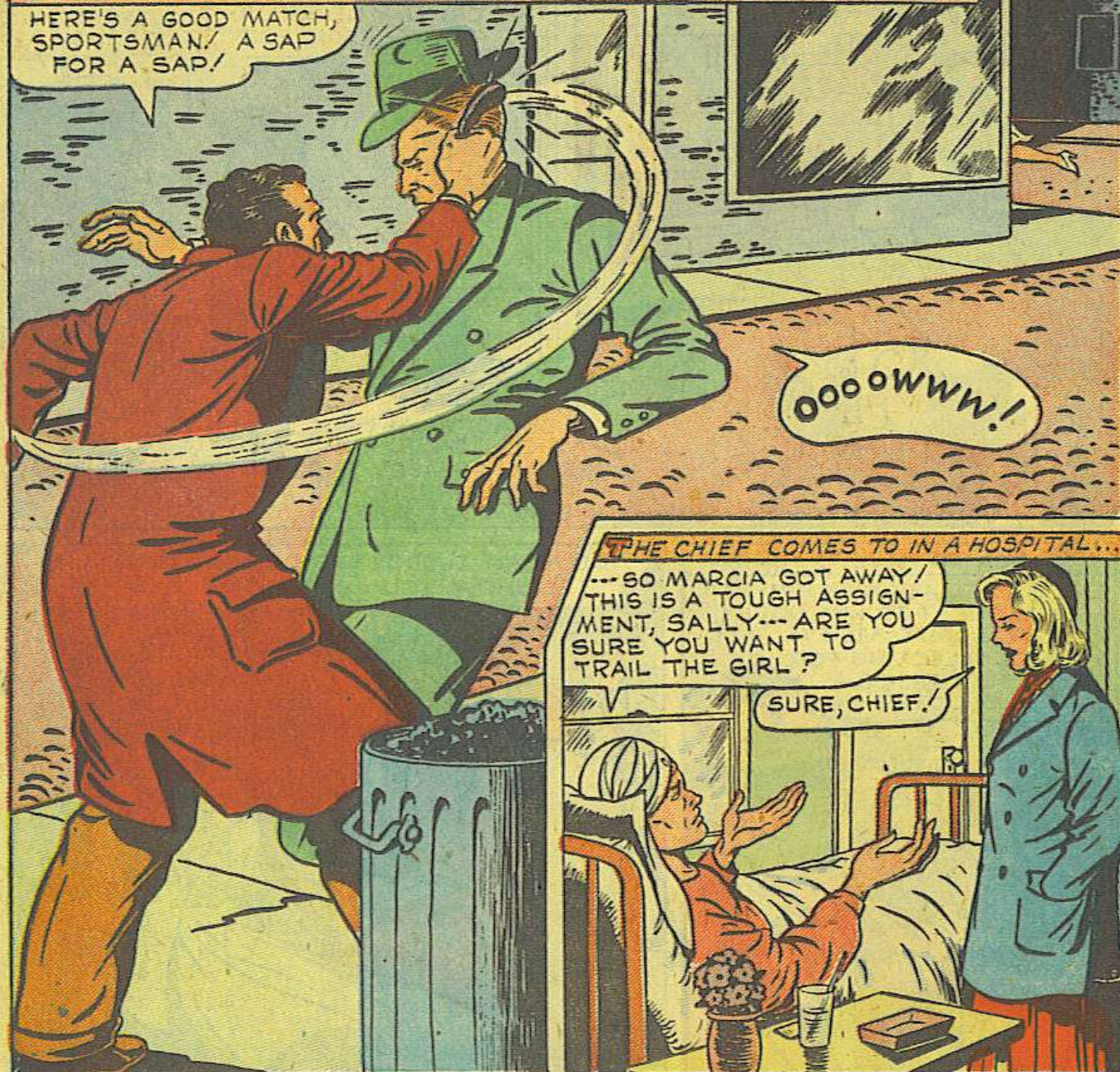
JUST A SPORTSMAN, TONY! I DON'T THINK A FIGHT BETWEEN YOU AND THE MOUSE IS A FAIR MATCH!

SHE'S GETTIN' AWAY! I'LL MASH YOUR SKULL, WISE GUY!



TONY SWINGS HIS BLACKJACK EXPERTLY -- AND DOESN'T MISS!

HERE'S A GOOD MATCH, SPORTSMAN! A SAP FOR A SAP!



OOOOWWWW!

THE CHIEF COMES TO IN A HOSPITAL...

--- SO MARCIA GOT AWAY! THIS IS A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT, SALLY--- ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO TRAIL THE GIRL?

SURE, CHIEF!



THE CHIEF HEARD MARCIA SAY SHE'D GO TO SOMEBODY NAMED NICK. MY JOB WILL BE TO STICK TO HER UNTIL SHE LEADS ME TO HIM. I'LL PICK HER UP --- OOPS! HERE'S MY FRIEND, PEANUTS!

HIYA, SALLY! WORKIN' ON A CASE?

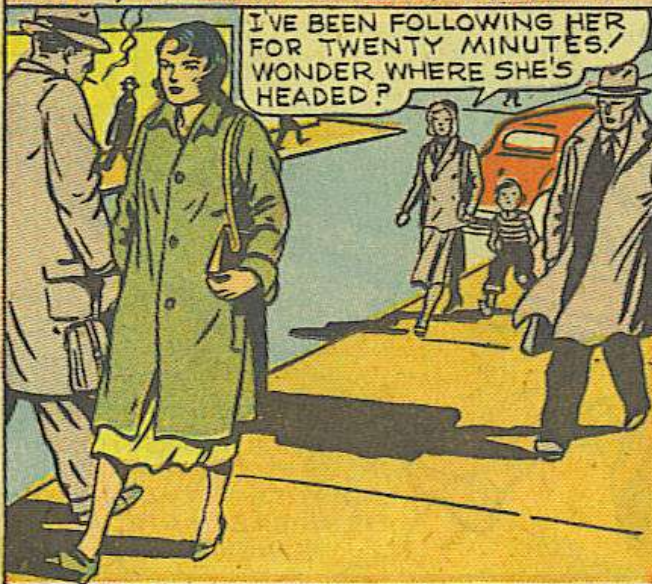


YES, I'M WORKING ON A CASE. BUT HOW ABOUT SCHOOL? SHOULDN'T YOU BE THERE?

HOLIDAY! I WANTA HELP YUH ON DE CASE! I DONE GOOD FOR YUH BEFORE --- REMEMBER?



WITH PEANUTS TAGGING ALONG, SALLY PICKS UP MARCIA AS SHE LEAVES HER HOUSE, AND TRAILS HER DOWNTOWN!

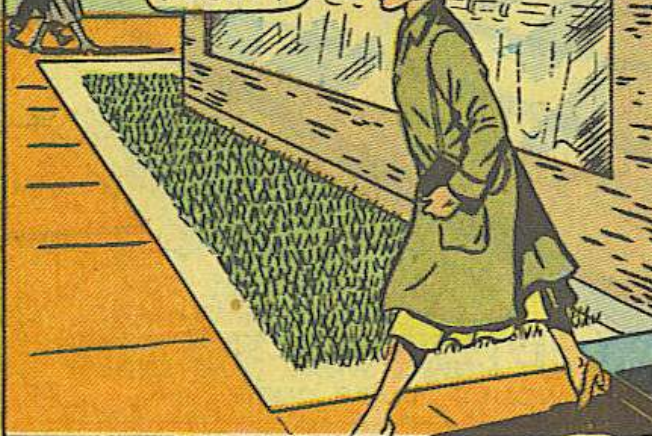


I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING HER FOR TWENTY MINUTES! WONDER WHERE SHE'S HEADED?

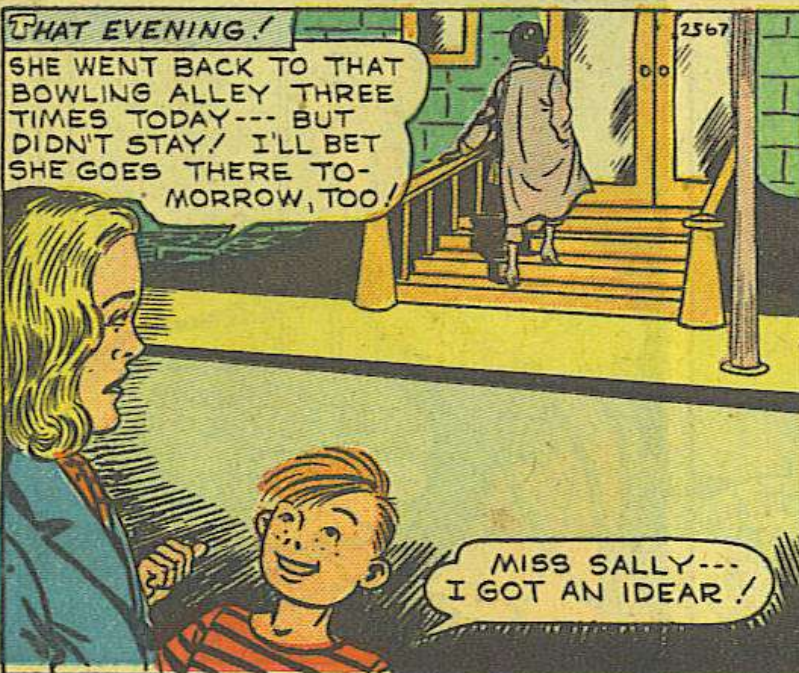


SHE'S GOING IN THERE! MAYBE SHE WANTS TO BOWL A FEW LINES -- TO RELAX!

MARCIA DIDN'T STAY THERE LONG! PERHAPS SHE WAS LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY WHO WASN'T THERE! SAY, "NICK BEAUDRY'S BOWLING PALACE" -- WONDER IF THAT'S THE NICK THE CHIEF HEARD HER TALKING ABOUT?

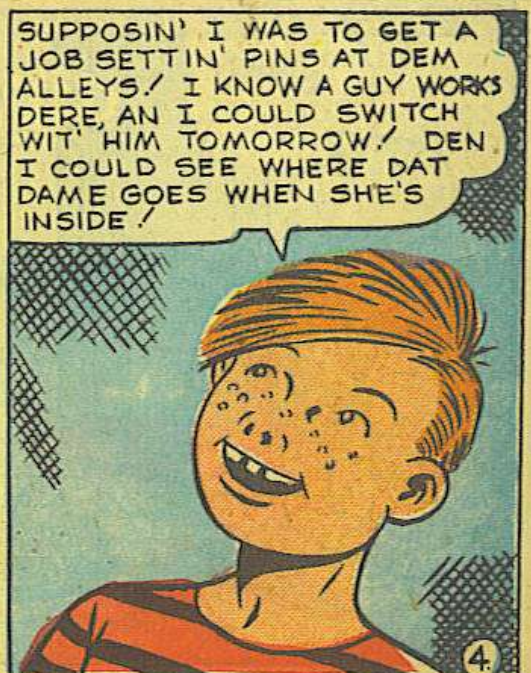


COULD BE THAT NICK RUNS A GAMBLING HALL -- WITH THIS BOWLING ALLEY AS A FRONT!



THAT EVENING! SHE WENT BACK TO THAT BOWLING ALLEY THREE TIMES TODAY -- BUT DIDN'T STAY! I'LL BET SHE GOES THERE TOMORROW, TOO!

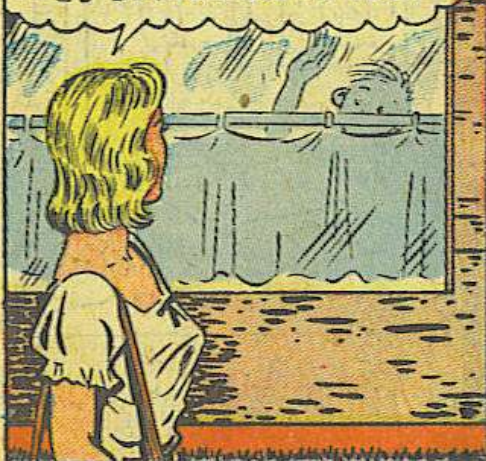
MISS SALLY -- I GOT AN IDEA!



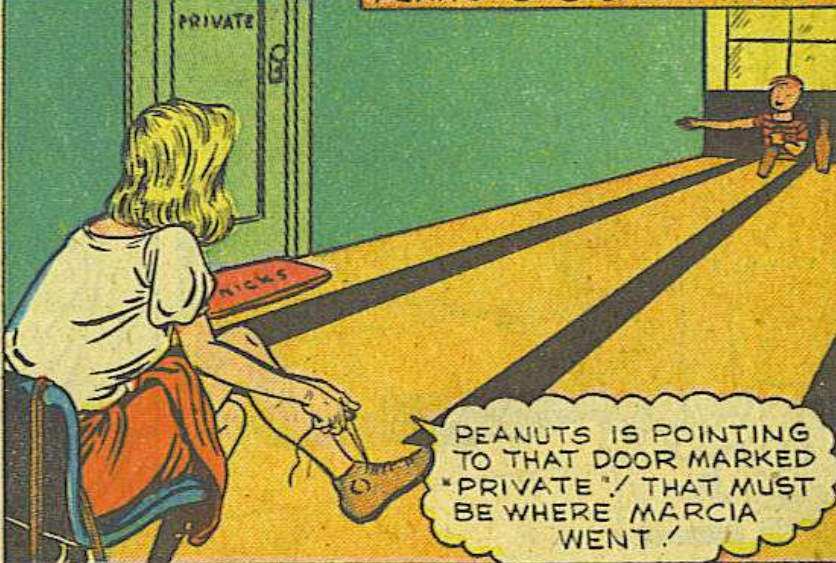
SUPPOSIN' I WAS TO GET A JOB SETTIN' PINS AT DEM ALLEYS! I KNOW A GUY WORKS DERE, AN I COULD SWITCH WIT' HIM TOMORROW! DEN I COULD SEE WHERE DAT DAME GOES WHEN SHE'S INSIDE!

SALLY AGREES TO PEANUTS' PLAN. THE NEXT DAY SHE SEES A SIGNAL FROM THE NEW PINBOY ---

PEANUTS IS WAVING FROM THE WINDOW! MARCIA'S IN THERE -- I'D BETTER GO IN TOO!

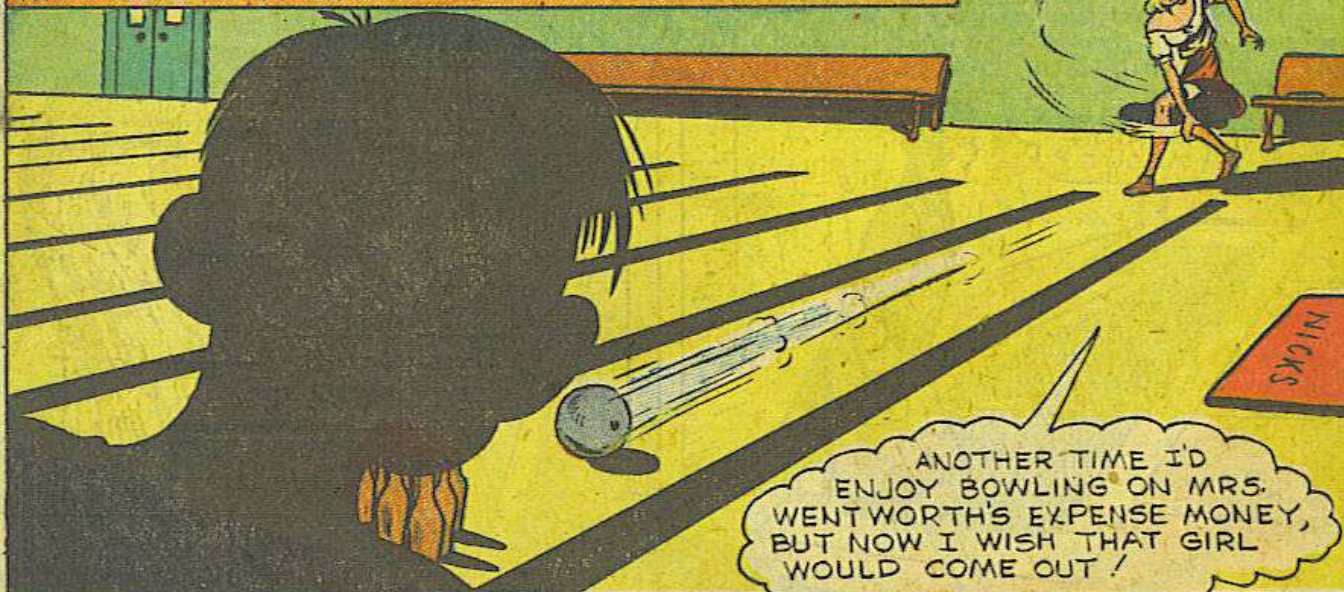


THE "BOWLING PALACE" IS DESERTED IN THE STILLNESS OF NOON. SALLY RENTS SHOES AND CHOOSES AN ALLEY NEXT TO THE WALL --- PEANUTS SIGNALS HER!



PEANUTS IS POINTING TO THAT DOOR MARKED "PRIVATE"! THAT MUST BE WHERE MARCIA WENT!

TENSE AND WATCHFUL, SALLY BOWLS A FEW FRAMES, WAITING FOR SOME SIGN OF MARCIA!



ANOTHER TIME I'D ENJOY BOWLING ON MRS. WENTWORTH'S EXPENSE MONEY, BUT NOW I WISH THAT GIRL WOULD COME OUT!

SUDDENLY --- THE TENSION BREAKS!



A SHOT! A SCREAM! FROM BEHIND THAT DOOR!



HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO USE THE GUN IN THIS POCKET-BOOK --- BUT IT FEELS GOOD TO HAVE IT!

BURSTING THROUGH THE DOOR, SALLY FINDS TONY HOLDING A GUN ON MARCIA---AND A BODY SLUMPED BEHIND THE DESK!



SALLY DUCKS BEHIND THE DESK AS THE KILLER FIRES!



WOW!
THINGS ARE
GETTING HOT!



WHHIZZZZZ



YOU GOT A HEATER? WELL, DON'T
USE IT OR YOU'LL VENTILATE
THIS DAME HERE!

HE'S BACKING TOWARD
THE ALLEYS! I HOPE
PEANUTS KEEPS OUT
OF THE LINE OF FIRE!

FOLLOWING ME, HUH, SNOOPER?
I'LL PUT THE NEXT
ONE BETWEEN
YOUR EYES!



BANG!

WHHIZZZZZ

HAMPERED BY HIS GRIP ON THE FRIGHTENED
MARCIA, TONY CAN'T AIM AT THE SWIFTLY
MOVING SALLY!

YOU CAN'T HIT A MOVING
TARGET FROM THERE, HOOD!



WHY,
YOU ---!

BUT SALLY SLIPS ON THE SMOOTH ALLEY

OH! I'M FALLING! HELL GET ME NOW!

PRIV



TOO BAD, HONEY! YOU'RE A DEAD PIGEON NOW!

OH-NO!



BUT SUDDENLY---

FI--OWW!

A BOWLING BALL! THIS GIVES ME A CHANCE!

PRIVATE



I GOT HIM FOR YUH, SALLY!

A POIFECT STRIKE! THANKS, PEANUTS-- AND HERE'S THE CLINCHER!

AIIEEEE! MY HAND!

BANG!



I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

THIS FINISHES THE CAREER OF A DOUBLE-CROSSER! HE DOUBLE-CROSSED NICK BY TRYING TO COLLECT THE MONEY MARCIA OWED NICK! THEN HE DECIDED TO TAKE OVER THE WHOLE BUSINESS BY KILLING NICK AND FRAMING MARCIA!

BUT SPEAKIN' OF FRAMES --- DAT WAS SOME STRIKE I ROLLED, EH SALLY?



GIRL FRIDAY

GAIL FORD, SECRETARY—OR "GIRL FRIDAY"—TO INSPECTOR MADSON, OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD, TAKES AN AFTERNOON OFF TO DO SOME SHOPPING...

"THE CLUTCH OF EVIL"

by KEATS PETREE

IT'S NEARLY FIVE O'CLOCK. I THINK I'LL GET ALONG HOME.

AT THE STORE'S ENTRANCE...

OH-OH! IT'S RAINING! I'D BETTER HOP A CAB.

A CAB DRAWS UP TO THE CURB AND GAIL JUMPS IN...

STEP IN, LADY.

ONCE IN THE CAB, GAIL FEELS A GUN ROUGHLY PUSHED AGAINST HER RIBS...

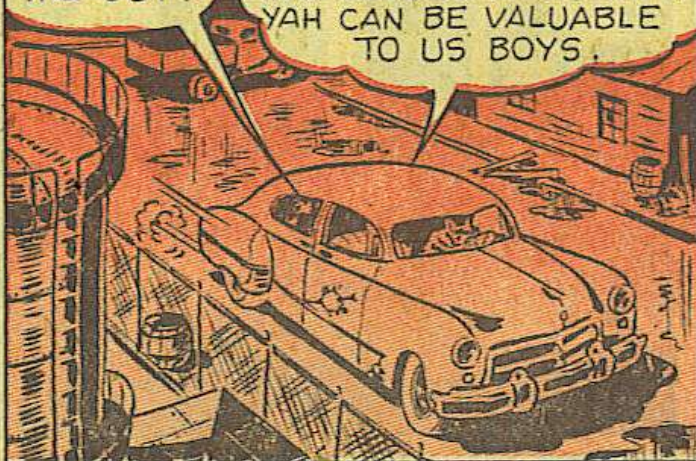
WHA—OOH-!!

NOT A PEEP OUT OF YAH, OR I'LL PUMP A SLUG INTO YAH GIZZARD!

THE CAB SPEEDS TO AN OLD, RUN-DOWN PART OF THE CITY...

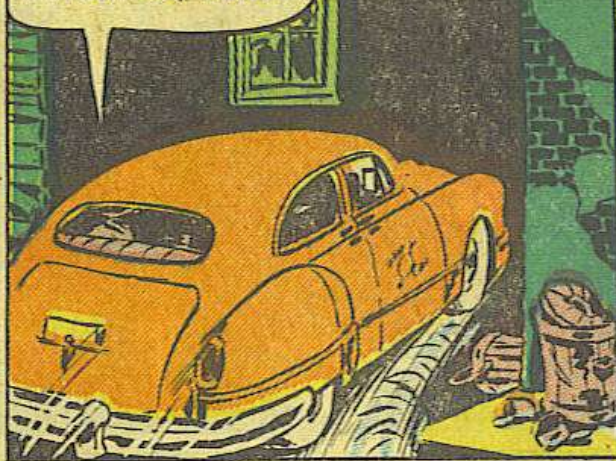
HERE'S MY PURSE, LET ME OUT!

I DON'T WANT YA DOUGH. WE KNOW YOU'RE THE INSPECTOR'S ASSISTANT. YAH CAN BE VALUABLE TO US BOYS.



THE VEHICLE TURNS INTO AN ALLEY NEXT AN OLD WAREHOUSE...

YOU'LL MEET MY PALS IN A FEW MINUTES, BABY.



COME ALONG IN HERE!

TAKE YOUR DIRTY HANDS OFF ME!



GAIL FACES "LUMP" LONIGAN, LEADER OF THE GANG...

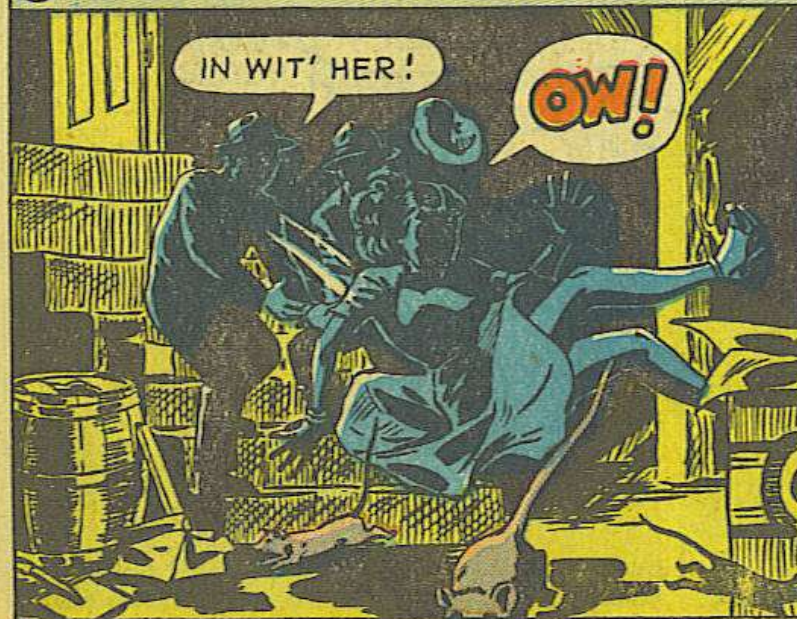
THE COPS ARE HOLDIN' DANDY DAVE, ONE OF OUR BOYS. WE'LL GIVE YOU BACK WHEN THEY LET HIM LOOSE - OR ELSE !!



GAIL IS THROWN INTO A DANK CELLAR...

IN WIT' HER!

OW!



THE POOR, BRUISED GIRL IS LEFT ALONE, WEEPING...

OH-H-! OOH-HH!



THERE!—"LET DANDY DAVE GO IN TWELVE HOURS OR YOU'LL NEVER SEE YOUR GIRL AGAIN". MAIL THIS TO THE COPS RIGHT AWAY, ROSIE, AND HURRY BACK.



LATER, ROSIE BRINGS GAIL SOME FOOD...

GO AWAY. I'M NOT HUNGRY.

BETTER EAT, HONEY. YOU MAY BE IN FOR A ROUGH TIME.



PLEASE HELP ME OUT OF HERE — YOU'LL BE WELL REWARDED.

NOT A CHANCE. "LUMP" LONIGAN WOULD TEAR ME TO PIECES!



"LUMP" IS RUTHLESS. IF I TRIED TO HELP YOU, WE'D BOTH DIE HORRIBLY AND END UP IN A LIME PIT.



NEXT MORNING, MAC, CHIEF OF DETECTIVES, RUSHES EXCITEDLY INTO THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE ...

BOSS, GAIL'S DISAPPEARED! SHE WASN'T HOME AT ALL LAST NIGHT!

YES, I KNOW. THIS WILL TELL YOU WHY.



IT'S FROM "LUMP" LONIGAN, THE LOUSE, — HE HAS GAIL!

YES, AS YOU SEE, HE WANTS DANDY DAVE IN RETURN. WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST, MAC!



MAC CONTACTS "SOAPY", A BUM...



FIND OUT "LUMP" LONIGAN'S HIDE-OUT AND I'LL GIVE YOU TEN BUCKS, THAT WILL KEEP YOU IN FOOD FOR A WEEK.

OKAY—GIMME FOUR BITS ON ACCOUNT.



SOAPY WANDERS AROUND CHEAP SALOONS...



HE SEES A WAITER TAKING OUT A TRAY OF FOOD...

DAT'S FUNNY - DE PEOPLE AROUND HERE DON'T HAVE GRUB SENT OUT -- I'LL FOLLOW DAT JERK --



SOAPY SEES THE WAITER GO UNDER A DOCK, WHERE THERE IS A HIDDEN ENTRANCE TO THE OLD WAREHOUSE...

DAT'S DE WAY WE BUMS USED TO GET IN, TO SLEEP IN DE WAREHOUSE LAST WINTER. SUMPTIN'S GOIN' ON IN DERE!



AFTER NIGHT FALLS...

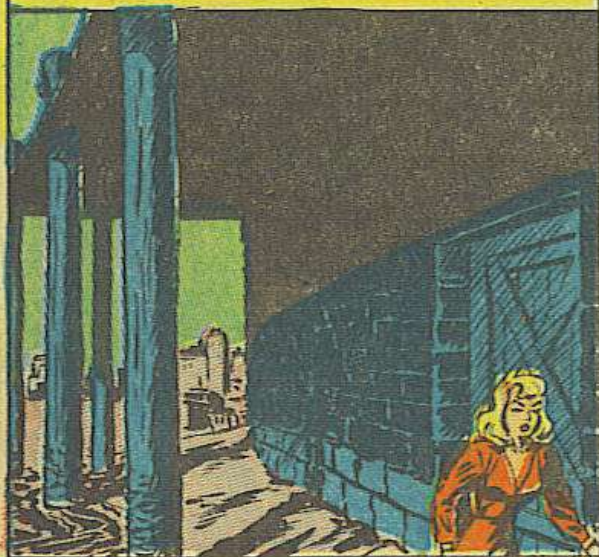
I'LL MAKE BELIEVE I WANNA SLEEP IN HERE - AN' SEE WHAT HAPPENS.







ROSIE, WITH THE FURY OF A WOMAN SCORNFED, STALKS FROM THE OLD WAREHOUSE...



MEANWHILE, THE INSPECTOR, MAC AND A SCORE OF DETECTIVES CONVERGE...

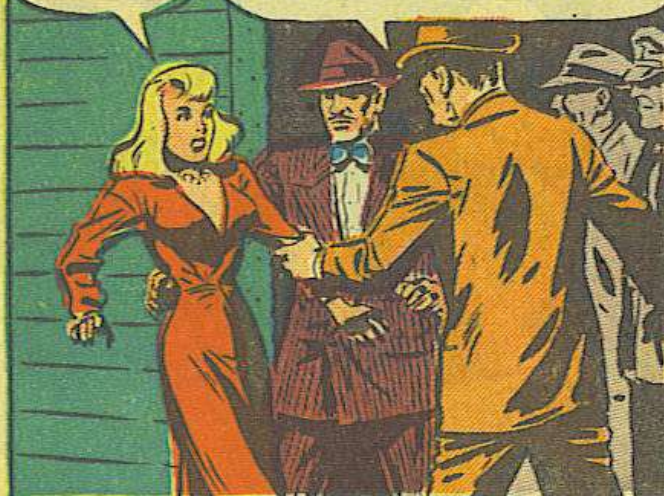
ALL EXITS ARE COVERED, MEN. WE'LL GO IN THE SECRET ENTRANCE UNDER THE DOCK. BE PREPARED FOR A FIGHT.



ROSIE RUNS INTO THE COPS...

**OH!
COPS!**

SAY-YOU'RE LONIGAN'S GIRL, AREN'T YOU?
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



I'M NOT THAT LOUSE'S GIRL ANY LONGER! I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY INTO THE JOINT.

ALL RIGHT - BUT NO MONKEY BUSINESS!



THEY QUICKLY SUBDUE THE GUARD...

OOF!



INSIDE, LUMP LONIGAN RENEWS HIS PURSUIT OF THE TERRIFIED GAIL...

HELP! HELP!



THE
COPS
REACH
THE
GANG'S
HIDEOUT.
"LUMP"
LONIGAN
REACHES
FOR
HIS
GUN,
AND...

WHAT'S THIS?
COPS! ROSIE—
YOU RAT !!

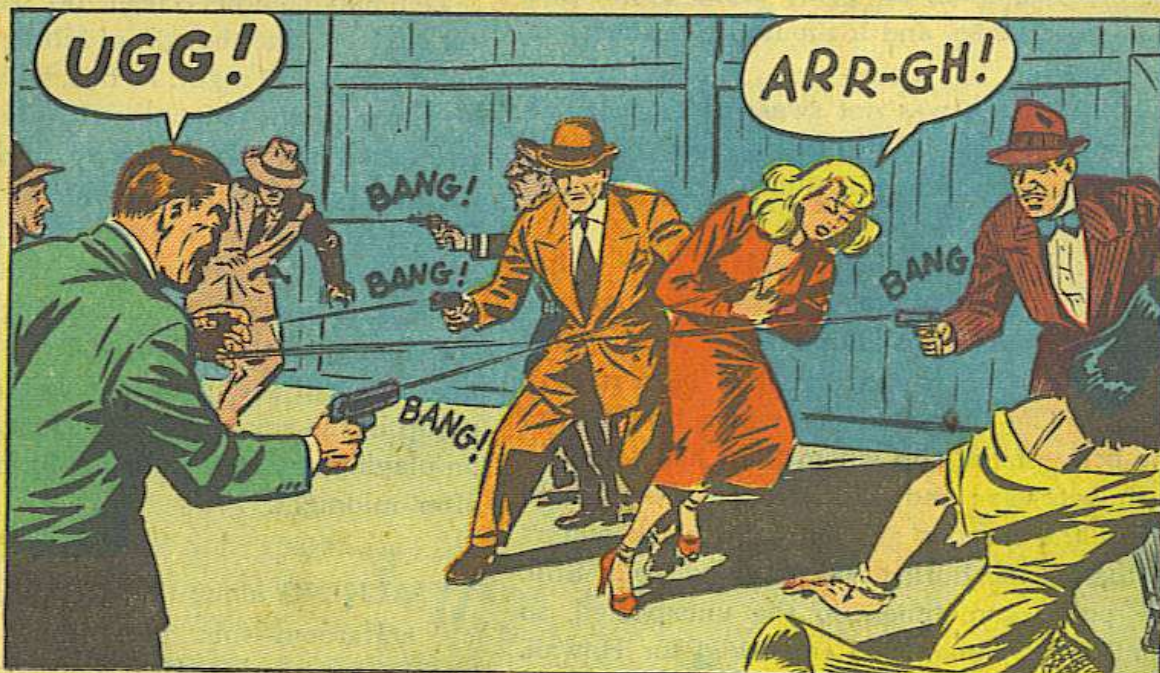
THE JIG'S UP, LONIGAN !



A
COP'S
BULLET
DROPS
"LUMP",
BUT
NOT
BEFORE
THE
THUG'S
SLUG
FINDS
ITS
MARK
IN
ROSIE...

UGG!

ARR-GH!



SHE LOOKS
LIKE A
GONER !

POOR ROSIE! SHE WASN'T
A BAD SORT, BUT SHE
GOT A ROTTEN BREAK.



THANK HEAVENS,
YOU GOT HERE
IN TIME, MAC.

YOU OWE IT
TO A BUM
NAMED "SOAPY",
GAIL. WE'LL LOOK
HIM UP AND BUY
HIM A GOOD
MEAL.



READ GIRL FRIDAY-NEXT ISSUE

RAY HALE

RAY HALE, THE ACE NEWSMAN OF THE "CLARION," HAS BEEN SENT BY HIS CITY EDITOR TO COVER A CASE IN THE SHABBY SECTION OF THE CITY. WHEN HE ARRIVES, HE FINDS A GRUESOME SCENE.

POOR KID!
A TRUCKMAN
FOUND HER A
HALF HOUR AGO
AND PHONED THE
STATION HOUSE.

NOT A NICE
SIGHT, SHAME A
PRETTY GIRL LIKE
THAT ENDS UP DEAD
IN A MUDDY
ALLEY. DO YOU
KNOW WHO
SHE IS?

YEAH. THIS IS
HER BAG HERE.
HER NAME IS
MARGIE HERBERT
AND SHE WORKED
AT THE PALACE
DANCE HALL.

HOW
WAS SHE
KILLED?

A KNIFE IN HER RIBS. WE'LL
CHECK IT FOR FINGERPRINTS.
THERE'S NO HOME ADDRESS
IN THIS BAG, BUT WE'LL
QUICKLY FIND THAT OUT.

IT'S JUST ABOUT
OPENING TIME AT THE
PALACE DANCE HALL.
IT'S NOT FAR FROM HERE.
LOOKS LIKE THE "CLARION'S"
BOY RAY IS GOING TO
SHAKE A FOOT TO SOME
HOT BOOGIE-WOOGIE.



HALE ARRIVES AT THE CHEAP DANCE HALL EARLY AND BUSINESS IS SLOW. HE HAS HIS PICK OF THE HOSTESSES, SO HE SELECTS A PRETTY RED-HEAD...

YOU'RE A SWELL DANCER, KIDDO. Y'KNOW, I MET A REAL CUTE BLONDE HERE LAST NIGHT. HER NAME WAS MARGIE. I DON'T SEE HER AROUND TONIGHT —

LET'S HAVE A WHIRL, TOOTS.

SURE, BIG BOY. GIMME THE TICKETS.



OH, MARGIE — SHE AIN'T HERE YET. SHE MAY NOT SHOW UP 'CAUSE SHE HAD A QUARREL WITH THE MANAGER 'CAUSE HE FIRED JANE BLAKE, WHO ROOMS WITH MARGIE.

GEE, THAT'S A SHAME. WHERE DO THE GIRLS LIVE?

THEY HAVE A ROOM OVER AT 14 GAIL STREET.

HALE SPEEDILY LEAVES THE DANCE HALL AND HOT-FOOTS IT TO THE ADDRESS THE DANCER HAD GIVEN HIM...

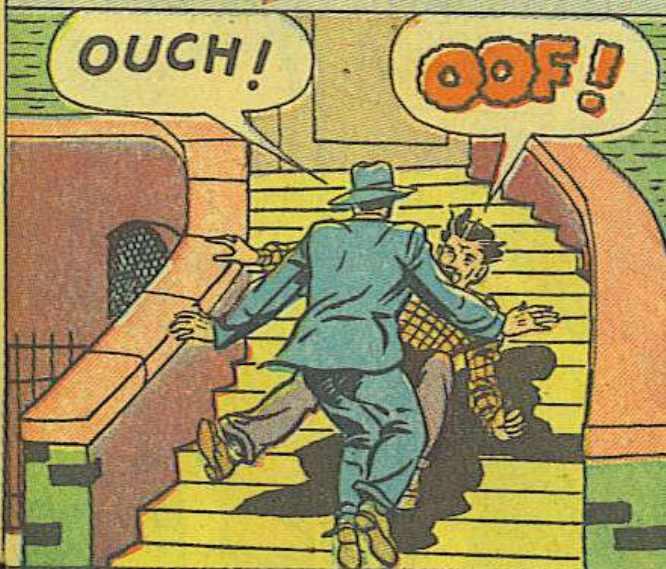
THAT WAS WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW! GOTTA GET THIS STORY BEFORE THE COPS GET THERE, TO SCOOP THE OTHER PAPERS!



AS THE REPORTER RUSHES INTO THE DOORWAY OF 14 GAIL STREET, HE BUMPS INTO A WIZENED, SURLY MAN WHO IS LEAVING...

OUCH!

OOF!

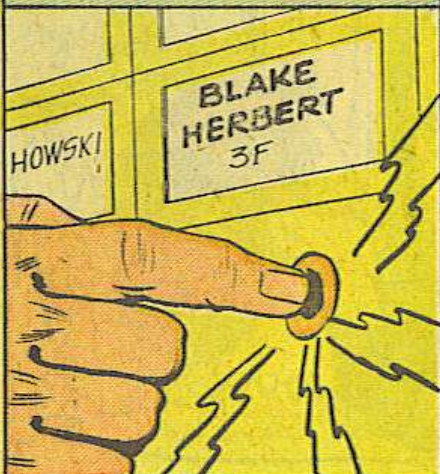


LOOK WHERE YA GOIN', YA JERK!

HIT THE ROAD, CHUM. I HAVEN'T TIME TO ARGUE WITH YOU.



THE MAN ANGRILY SHUFFLES OFF AND HALE EXAMINES THE NAMES ON THE BELLS. HE FINDS WHAT HE IS LOOKING FOR, AND PUSHES THE BUTTON...



AN ANSWERING BUZZ OPENS THE DOOR AND HALE GOES UP THE STAIRS TO THE THIRD FLOOR FRONT. HE IS GREETED BY A GIRL WHOSE TEAR STAINED FACE SHOWS EVIDENCE OF RECENT WEEPING...



DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME, JANE? I'VE DANCED WITH YOU AT THE **PALACE**. I KNOW MARGIE TOO. WHERE IS SHE?



I DON'T KNOW. SHE MUST HAVE GONE TO WORK. WHY DON'T YOU GO SEE HER AT THE **PALACE**?



SHE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THE MURDER -YET--

OH, I JUST HAPPENED TO BE PASSING, AND DROPPED IN. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, KID? YOU'VE BEEN CRYING.



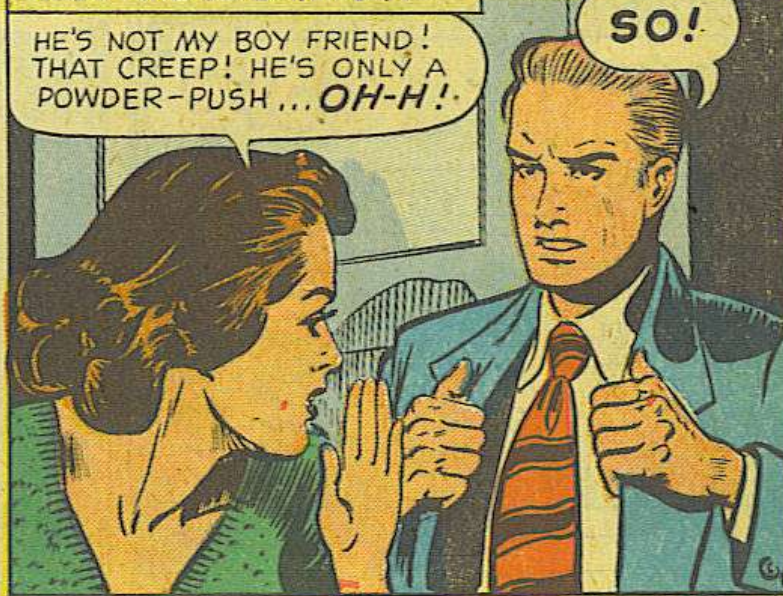
OH, NOTHING. LEAVE ME ALONE!

MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU, HONEY. HAD A FIGHT WITH YOUR BOY FRIEND, THE BIRD. I JUST SAW LEAVING THIS HOUSE?



JANE FLARES UP ANGRILY, BEFORE SHE REALIZES WHAT SHE IS SAYING...

HE'S NOT MY BOY FRIEND! THAT CREEP! HE'S ONLY A POWDER-PUSH... OH-H!



A POWDER-PUSHER, EH? YOU MEAN HE PEDDLES DOPE! ARE YOU A "JUNKIE"?



Y-YES! I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M TELLING YOU THIS, BUT I'M DESPERATE! MAYBE YOU **CAN** HELP ME. I'M BROKE AND I'VE **GOT** TO GET SOME OF THE STUFF!!



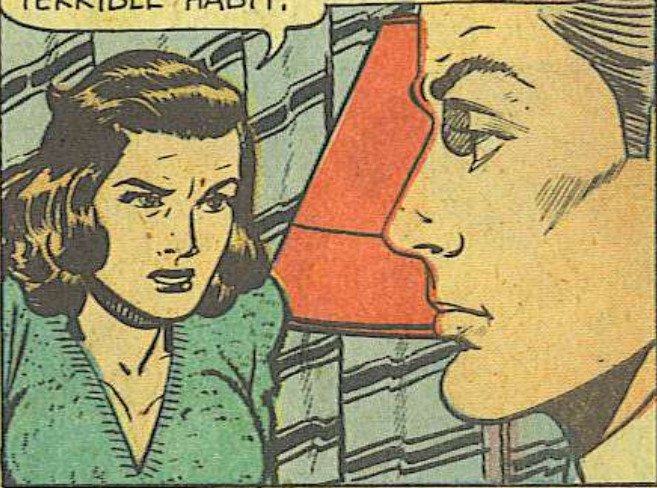
MAYBE I CAN...TELL ME MORE, HONEY.

THE UNFORTUNATE GIRL'S NERVES CRACK. SHE BREAKS DOWN AND BABBLER HER SORDID STORY TO THE ALERT REPORTER...

I'VE ONLY BEEN USING "JUNK" FOR A SHORT TIME. I PICKED UP THE HABIT AT THE DANCE HALL. **PEDRO**, THAT GUY WHO WAS JUST HERE, SOLD IT TO US GIRLS. I TOLD HIM I WAS BROKE, BUT HE REFUSED TO TRUST ME FOR ANY. INSTEAD, HE TOLD ME TO LEAVE TOWN, OR I WOULD BE BUMPED OFF!



YOU SEE, HE'S SORE AT US. ONLY YESTERDAY, MARGIE BAWLED HIM OUT AND TOLD HIM TO GET OUT OF HERE. SHE THREATENED TO TURN HIM IN TO THE COPS. SHE HAS BEEN TRYING TO BREAK ME OF THIS TERRIBLE HABIT.



HALE GROWS SUSPICIOUS...

DID YOU AND MARGIE HAVE A QUARREL OVER YOUR DOPE HABIT?

NO! SHE'S LIKE A SISTER TO ME.



WHERE WERE YOU EARLIER THIS EVENING?



I HAVEN'T BEEN OUT ALL DAY. MARGIE WENT OUT EARLIER TO TALK TO THE MANAGER AT THE **PALACE**, TO TRY AND GET ME MY JOB BACK. HE CANNED ME LAST NIGHT BECAUSE I WAS ALL HOPPED UP. SHE WON'T BE HOME UNTIL AFTER THE JOINT CLOSSES.



AS THEY ARE TALKING, PEDRO SILENTLY EDGES IN...



SHE WON'T BE -
OWW!!

THIS FOR YOU,
SNOOP!



HALE FALLS AND PEDRO GRABS JANE...

YOU TALK TOO MUCH! YOUR GIRL FRIEND, SHE TALK TOO MUCH TOO. SHE SAY YESTERDAY SHE GOING TO TELL COPS, SO I SHUT HER UP GOOD. SHE NOW IN ALLEY WITH KNIFE IN HER, SHE WON'T TALK - **NEVER!!**

OOH-H-H! MARGIE?
YOU'VE KILLED HER!



SURE - JUST LIKE I'M GOING TO KILL YOU NOW. THEN I'LL FINISH OFF THAT GUY I KNOCKED OUT. YOU SPILLED TOO MUCH TO HIM!

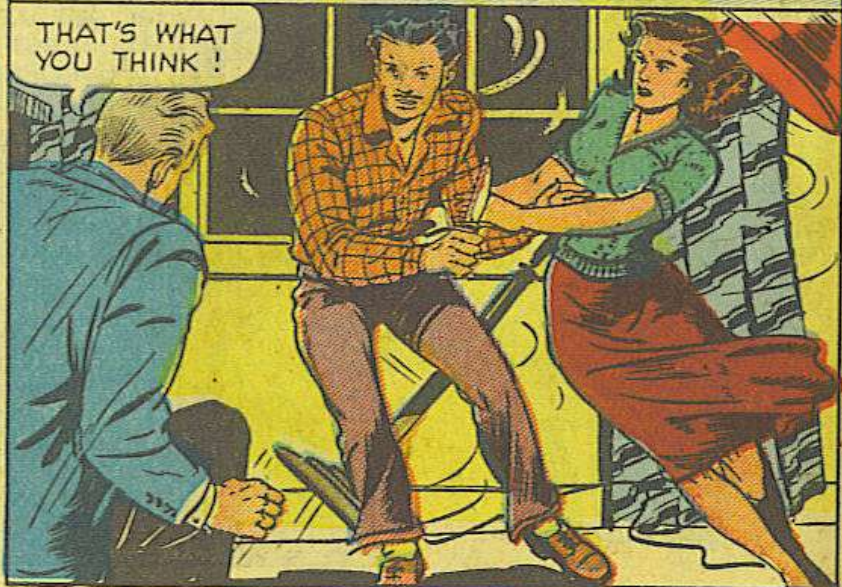


BUT HALE HAS ONLY BEEN DAZED BY THE GLANCING BLOW. HE HAS RECOVERED HIS SENSES, AND HEARS PEDRO'S THREAT...

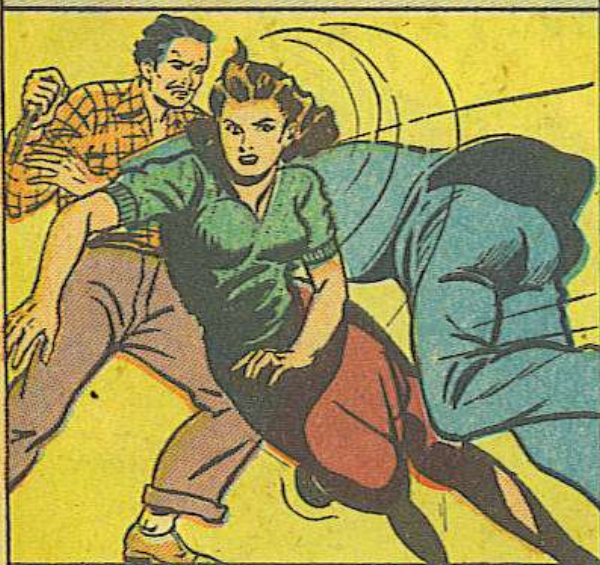


WITH A BOUND, THE NEWSPAPERMAN LEAPS UPON THE MURDEROUS DOPE-PEDDLER...

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!



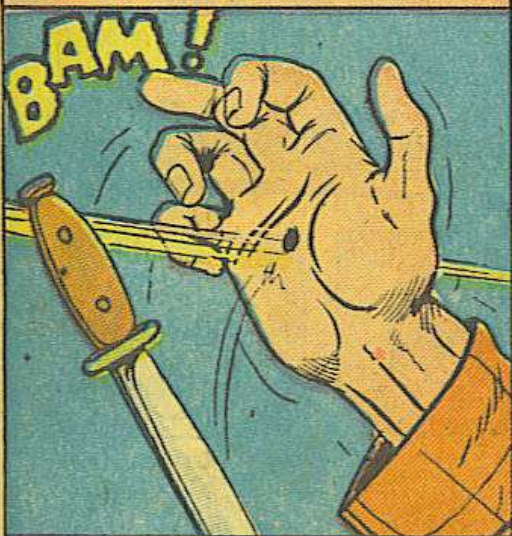
BUT - IN TWISTING AWAY FROM PEDRO, JANE ACCIDENTLY TRIPS RAY HALE ...



NOW I'LL FINISH YOU - QUEECK!



SUDDENLY, A SHOT FROM THE DOOR RIPS THROUGH PEDRO'S HAND AND THE KNIFE DROPS ...



TWO DETECTIVES WALK INTO THE ROOM ...

TIERNEY AND DUNN FROM HEADQUARTERS! THANKS, BOYS, I KNEW YOU'D FOLLOW THIS TRAIL PRETTY SOON. YOU SURE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME. THIS IS THE KILLER OF MARGIE HERBERT, THAT GIRL IN THE ALLEY.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?



BOTH JANE, HERE, AND I HEARD HIM ADMIT IT. WE'LL TESTIFY AND SEND THE RAT TO THE CHAIR. YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND HIS PRINTS ON THE MURDER KNIFE. BUT RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT TO HURRY AND GET MY STORY IN!

ALL RIGHT - COME ALONG!



MONTHS LATER, AFTER PEDRO HAS BEEN TRIED AND SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR HIS FOUL CRIME, WE WITNESS A SCENE IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE ...

YOU ARE NOW DISCHARGED, MISS BLAKE. YOU'RE ALL CURED OF THE NARCOTIC HABIT.

OH, MR. HALE, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME TO GET THIS TREATMENT. I'LL NEVER TOUCH THE AWFUL STUFF AGAIN.



THAT'S ALL RIGHT, JANE. GLAD TO HELP YOU. JUST KEEP UP YOUR GOOD RESOLUTION.

WELL, READERS, WE HOPE YOU HAVE ENJOYED THIS ISSUE OF **CRIME SMASHERS**. WRITE AND TELL US WHICH FEATURE YOU LIKED BEST.